Almost Midnight......Under Fire From The Voices

(Poem)

-by Brian Edwards



(Written May 2018)

It's almost midnight
I'm under fire
From the voices

Through the darkness
Into my ears
They speak

Malevolent

Hostile

Entity

Voices

The same

Old voices

As last week

The same old voices

Ceaseless

Since I recorded EVP

I recorded EVP

And now

They follow

Now they speak
Through the darkness
In the room
Now they speak

A barrage

A blitz

A bombardment

Of mad

Twisted

Words

Moonless

Moonless

Moonless

Night of no light

I recorded

And they followed me

I recorded

And they started

To speak

Dangling the edge

In front of me

I recorded
And they became
The same old voices
The same old voices
As earlier today

When I first opened my eyes
I heard them speak

They speak
They speak
They awaken

The beginning
And the end
Now in a circle
Of no beginning
And no end

It is almost midnight
Now is the hour
They devour
The calm